A man shouted "Nor-man Nor-man" in a deep, raucous voice. A woman called "Hi" in a much lighter voice. I recognized the man. It was Frederick (not Fred). I didn't recognize the second voice, then I realized she was Frederick (not Fred)'s worker. She'd had her hair done. She asked me where I'd been. I told her I'd left. She asked why. I said because of Adam. It was entirely because of Adam. You mean because he left, she said. Left, I said, wondering if she was being euphemistic. Sorry, she said. She was thinking of me and how I'd left, and of Adam. She paused. I realized there were similarities but so far they were superficial.

Just too upset? She probed a little. I said what happened was really terrible. I didn't agree with the people at work about it. She nodded. I said it really offended me the way they came from head office to help us grieve when they never did anything to prevent something like this happening when he was alive. They should have grieved more themselves, and felt guilty. I said it really bothered me that things that contributed to his death were still in effect. Nothing was done about them. Nothing would be.

She said I should know that I wasn't the only one who thought that way....

I thanked her for talking to me. I entered an internet cafe and sent an e-mail. Then I went to the bank. I couldn't make a withdrawal, because the system was down.